

# COLLIER'S

For September 12, 1903

Containing a Double-page Picture by Charles Dana Gibson, "A Garrison Ghost,"  
by Gen. Charles King, and "The Chinaman at Our Gates," by Poultny Bigelow



CHAS. C. CURRAN

DRAWN BY CHAS. C. CURRAN

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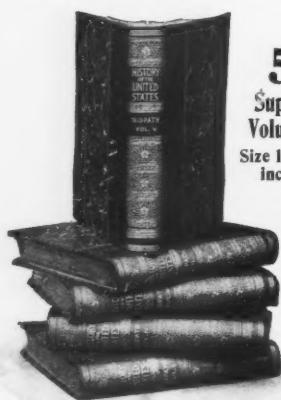
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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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### The Lion's Mouth Contest for September

ONLY one question is put forward in this month's competition. It relates to the more practical business interest of the WEEKLY:

What method, not now in force, can you suggest for increasing the circulation of Collier's?

ALL answers must be received at this office not later than October 5th. If any plan submitted be found of especial practical value under test, an additional cash prize of \$100.00 will be awarded. The other prizes will be as in the former contests, as follows:

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THERE are also additional prizes of \$40.00 to the person whose name appears on the list of winners twice in succession; \$25.00 to the person whose name so appears twice during the year, and \$200.00 to any one who is successful six times.

### The Sportsman's Number

NEXT week's issue will be devoted largely to the man out of doors, and to the delights of wild life. Mr. A. B. Frost has designed a beautiful cover for the number, which will be reproduced in four colors. The double-page picture will be by Charles Dana Gibson. The number will include a delightful short story by F. Hopkinson Smith, called "The Rajah of Bungpore,—Purveyor of Cheerfulness," the illustrations for which have been made by F. C. Yohn. Among the many articles that will tend to make the issue notable is one by Ernest Harold Baynes, "Hunting Wild Animals with a Camera," illustrated with many photographs taken by the author. Another article of absorbing interest will tell the story of one of the greatest swindles of the age—the Humbert case—which has just been occupying the attention of the highest courts of France. Other articles will be "Hunting the Moose," by Harry Palmer; "Simple Camp Cookery," by W. B. Thornton; "Quail and Grouse Shooting," by Leonidas Hubbard Jr., etc.

### A Ten Dollar Prize for a Photograph

COLLIER'S WEEKLY will pay liberally for photographs to be used in "The Focus of the Time." Photographers, both professional and amateur, in all parts of the world are invited to submit pictures. Those that can not be used by us will be returned. Such as are available will be paid for and an additional prize of ten dollars will be awarded to the best photograph published during the month. Two points which will be considered principally in the selection of the prize photograph will be the importance of the picture as a news event, and the quality of the photograph itself. All photographs must bear on the reverse side the date, the name of sender, and explanatory note of the incident with date. Photographs should be addressed to "Art Editor, Collier's Weekly, New York."

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**P**OLITICIANS ARE BLAMED often for vacillation or timidity, when they are actually men of boldness and decision. The citizen who is himself convinced on a certain subject accuses of cowardice the official whose mind is more open. Few Presidents have been more scolded for hesitancy than Lincoln was from the spring of 1861 to the summer of 1864. He could be a stone wall when he was ready, but he did not take on the positive manner when he had not seen through a question. Waiting for light is as much a part of strength as is energy when the course is clear. For these reasons, we think Mr. Roosevelt has received much unjust criticism for his course on tariff revision and on currency reform. Those are fields in which he would hardly claim personal knowledge or understanding, and he can only execute the best opinion obtainable. If he declares for tariff revision one month, and against it the next, or shows more interest in currency reform at one time than at another, it is unfair to charge these alternations to feebleness or the wish for nomination. Give Mr. Roosevelt a situation in which he is at home, intellectually

COURAGE AND UNDERSTANDING at ease, and you will find no vacillation. On revision of tariff or currency he, like most of us, must take his views from experts, who, in these cases, are business men. Now, if the best business men are evenly divided, or the trend of opinion among them seems first one way, then another, corresponding uncertainty is natural in a politician not himself a financial expert. A mass of respectable bankers assure us that an elastic currency is necessary to prevent stringencies. An equal number, equally respectable, assure us that the currency is adequate, the proposed changes dangerous, and Wall Street the only objector. So on the tariff, while every fair-minded and competent thinker regrets the duties which shelter monopoly, the solidest opinion is divided upon the wisdom of opening the question and disturbing business. It is absurd, therefore, to blame the President for indecision. In England the tariff issue is clean-cut, because Mr. Chamberlain is not only a business man himself, but the conceiver and defender of a whole scheme of political consolidation of which the tariff is an instrument. It is courageous to defend a thesis when you believe it ardently. It would be a poor proof of courage, however, to be obstinate about matters on which you can neither think conclusively yourself nor receive positive guidance from men who know the subject best.

**I**F ANYTHING IS MEANER than the behavior of members of the Dawes Commission, we do not know what it is. They accept the duty of protecting a few last rights of the helpless Indian, and then begin promptly to "graft" at his expense. Pretending to see that he receives full value for what little land he has to sell, they work in collusion with the very persons from whom they are supposed to protect him. The excuse of Mr. Bixby, President of the Commission, ought to become classic. He says that his interest in the land companies, which he was supposed to oppose as the Indians' attorney, "amounts to very little." The idea of trust is supposed to appeal powerfully to our sense of honor. Breach of trust is the meanest crime known to man. What shall we think of the public service in this country when, immediately after the postal scandals, comes the information that every single member of the Dawes Commission has his private rake-off in the purchase of Indian lands? We must do everything possible to correct the love of money with stricter ideals of honor. It is one of our most pressing obligations. Society should punish, with its effective frown, every man, in private business or in public, whose itching palm makes him fall below the duties of a man. Some of the highest positions in our society are held by men whose records are at least no better than just on the windy side of the law. All the selfishness of crime is theirs, if not the literal fact. Purify our standards in social life, in every-day affairs, and purity in politics must result. Meantime, the members of the Dawes Commission ought to be punished for their peculiarly mean dishonor.

**T**HIS TURK HAS NO FRIENDS. He is treacherous and cruel, an enemy to progress, fanatically devoted to a religion which breeds contempt for knowledge and understanding. His faith is absolute. As he believes in immediate heaven for the warrior slain in battle, his fighting is without fear. Believing that knowledge is infidelity, he is immune to civilized influence. As centuries have shown that he can never be reduced to ideals which guide Christian races, his only future is removal or extinction. Just now the question is how far Turkey can be punished or carved without danger to European peace. That humanity gains whenever a slice is abstracted from the Turkish Empire and converted into an independent State, nobody doubts. The Christians in the little neigh-

boring States rival the Turks in turbulence, and even in cruelty, but their religion leaves them open to the influence of surrounding ideas, and they improve. They are more easily regulated, also, by their guardian nations, as they are incapable of the serious fight which could always be furnished on occasion by Turkey. In promptly demanding satisfaction, at this critical moment, for the supposed murder of our Vice-Consul, and letting the squadron go on when the error was discovered, the United States has treated the Turk in the only manner which affects him, and probably made the task of Russia, and Europe generally, easier. It is not our plan to help Europe in her surgical operations on Turkey, but it is the task of any self-respecting nation to protect her citizens from barbarians, especially in the performance of official duties. One people is amenable to a delicate request, and another to a large club, and the only way to convince Turkey is to bully her. We have no direct interest in her fate, but we do need to impress upon her rulers the belief that we are dangerous, like Russia, and that murdering our representatives is hazardous. Each nation requires from us a diplomacy suited to its character. England, for instance, is to be treated in one manner, Russia in another, China in a third, and the Turk is to be regulated with a whip, as a keeper reasons with a caged beast.

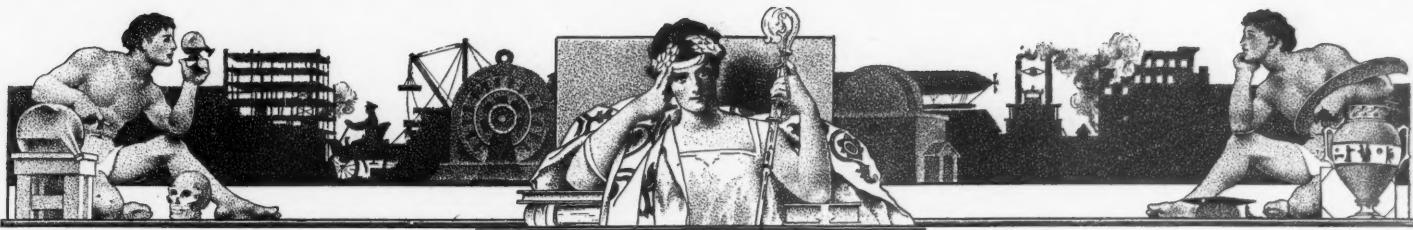
#### OUR INTEREST IN TURKEY

**N**ERVOUS PROSPERITY IS A DISEASE. Merely being prosperous makes many persons nervous. Women, having duties which, if not fewer, are less compulsory, than those of men, are peculiarly subject to this complaint. Their physical strength is less, their nervous systems are more complicated. Secretary Root regrets the decrease of country life on the ground that cities make a nervous race, different from the cool old stock which has been the basis of our civilization. Mr. Root thinks that nearness to the soil is a necessary condition of strong nerves. The American climate, in the Northern States, is exciting. A person can drink more coffee or alcohol, without feeling stimulated, in London and most foreign capitals, than he can in New York or Chicago. Many who can not sleep in the United States are less troubled with insomnia abroad. When cable-cars, with gongs and crowds, railways overhead, packed streets, automobiles, telephones, telegrams, messenger boys, and the general machinery of haste are added, nervous tension becomes extreme. Sometimes it takes the form of a passion for late hours, and might be called Somnophobia. The Somnophobiac is so keyed up that he shrinks from the relaxation of sleep, or any other quietness. The love of excitement is often as disintegrating as the love of drink. "Be not hurried away by excitement," says Epictetus, "but say, 'Semblance, wait for me a little. Let me see what you are and what you represent.'" Many of our occupations would hardly stand the test of Epictetus. Emerson made the same point as Mr. Root, when he said that Nature's comment is, "Why so hot, little man?" As women are more responsible, just now, than men, for increasing nervousness, one of our problems is to make natural activities attractive to them—not work enough to exhaust them, but enough to keep them from being as restless as a fly under an exhausted receiver. Pleasures, diversions, are never sufficient to form a life. Responsibility is necessary to freedom. Thackeray, laughing at the strivings of Werther, had his heroine, at the end of the poem, go on cutting bread and butter. Candide, after examining all possible worlds, decided that the real thing was to cultivate a garden.

#### NERVOUS PROSPERITY

**W**RITING, SAID DR. HOLMES, is like shooting at a mark; talking is like trying to hit the mark with a stream of water from a hose. Dr. Aldis Wright, one of the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare, has just contradicted Dr. Holmes with an edition of Milton. By collating the earliest editions and such manuscripts as he could find, he shows us how Milton, the greatest conscious artist in the English tongue, did things over again when he thought he had not done his best. Thus we are enabled to go into Milton's study, look over his shoulder, and watch him bettering his first inspiration by patience and work. The felicities, the bits of inevitability that surprise and delight us, did not always come of themselves. Sometimes they came late and came hard. When you are sailing along smoothly over the surface of a book, it is a little annoying to bump against a note informing you that the Smith in the text was Brown in the first edition and Jones in the manuscript. But Milton's alterations, unlike many of Wordsworth's, were not of this kind. Nor were they so contradictory as that of the drunkard in the story, who was struggling to reform, but who called out, as the man who had taken his order disappeared through the door, "Waiter! make that oyster stew a gin cocktail." Through all Milton's changes his aim remained the same, and until he thought

#### HOW POETRY IS MADE



he had perfectly achieved it, he did not stop trying. The difference between his first shots and his final successes must always be of the greatest interest to everybody who wishes, whether in poetry or prose, to make beauty out of English words. As for the general reader, if he agrees with Mr. George Santayana in thinking that "though change be for the better, there is something sad in change," if he likes to regard poetry as born, not made, the remedy is in his own hands. He can leave Dr. Wright's researches unread.

**SOME OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS** are rather pert. Our statement that liberty is dependent on order is designated by one of them as "a common but chump idea." This individual, who seems to be a confused socialist, has read Herbert Spencer and Henry George with slight comprehension, reaching the conclusion that liberty does not depend upon order, but order upon liberty. The fable of the gold and silver shield would probably be beyond his understanding. To some extent, liberty and order depend each upon the other. Order, however, in crowded communities, can exist better without liberty, than liberty without order. Liberty without order is possible only under primitive conditions. Order without liberty has actually existed under despotism, to a higher degree than order exists in the United States **TWEEDLEDEE AND TWEEDLEDUM** to-day. "All the disorder," remarks our critic, "which mars society to-day is directly due to violation of the law of human freedom." Propositions of this sort are too large to have any meaning. Some people attribute all evil to eating meat, others to infidelity, and others, like our correspondent, to restraining law. Allow men to steal what they want and burn whom they choose, say these philosophers, and they won't do wrong. America is a free country, and it is said to support more varieties of cranks than any other land. They do no harm. They are lost in the vast intelligent majority. They die, quietly, and others take their place. We hardly know that they exist, except when some criminal puts theoretical anarchy into practical operation. The world is run by manifold truths. The crank is a man whose mind is capacious enough to hold only one.

**C RITICISM OF MARRIAGE** is not new. The statement that those who are out want to get in, and those who are in want to get out, applied to the marriage cage, can be followed back through famous writers to the time of Elizabeth, and even then we find the metaphor called old. Emerson says that the allegation has been made "from the beginning of the world." The institution itself is indestructible, but by no means immutable. Modification has taken especially the direction of giving rights to the wife and taking away powers from the husband. Lately there have been a greater number of protests than usual against the word "obey," which, of course, no longer has a meaning. The declaration may be called pretty, but it is rather solemn, and it might be as well not to include promises which neither party has any purpose of fulfilling. Of the women who refuse to accept the word,

**THE PROMISE TO OBEY** not all are asserting independence. Some of them object to making a promise which they do not intend to keep. When marriage is treated lightly by so many, and divorce is so rampant, the service ought to be in words which can at least convey a solemn meaning to the contract. Marriage and hanging go by destiny, it is said, and this topic of wedlock has always brought out more wit than wisdom. It is entered into with more caution to-day than it ever was before. In spite of easy divorce in this country, most people look carefully before they leap. Men wish to be surer of their fortunes, and women, with other careers now open, have changed somewhat also since Swift said that the reason for so many unhappy marriages was that young women spent their time in making nets instead of cages. The business of being a wife is now one requiring many new qualities, among them, usually, comparative equality, and no part of a language chosen to express a former view of marriage is so entirely out of accord with present facts as the word "obey."

**SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.** We read in the papers, now, that it requires yacht races to get Mr. Morgan's name into the papers—he who, a few short months ago, overshadowed the earth. So passes the glory of this world. Solomon, or whoever wrote Ecclesiastes, would have enjoyed the history of Mr. Morgan. All is vanity. His name has lost its magic. The country is really prosperous, as he said it was. Throughout the West and South bankers are so affluent that they scorn schemes for expanding currency, yet the man who predicted that if a break in stocks came it would be due to lack of confidence rather than to lack of real prosperity is an exploded prophet in his own country. His further belief that his great combinations could

pay proper interest on their capitalization, if confidence continued, has not been tested, as confidence deserted. In politics, in literature, in war, as in business, the glory of this world passes. Time is necessary to tell us what reputations will remain. Dewey, whom Mr. Choate once ranked with Nelson, will fill a very modest niche in the hall of fame. McKinley, whom Mr. Hay compared with Lincoln, will hardly stand out in the long line of presidents. At Mr. Roosevelt's place in history, Mr. Morgan's, or Mr. Rockefeller's, it is hardly possible even to guess. So in letters, a dozen writers every year are greeted with praise adequate to describe Hawthorne. What critic, among the best, has not discovered some young genius, only to watch him settle back into the crowded ranks of mediocrity? As the metropolis is called the graveyard of provincial reputations, so is a moderate stretch of time the graveyard of ninety-nine great reputations out of a hundred, however national and intense at some favoring moment. The inability to lose one's standing by destructive mistakes is one of the advantages of being dead.

**P RIDE OF LINEAGE** is often defended by analogy to breeding animals. As commonly applied, the analogy is false. Animals are mated for certain actual qualities in each, leading to speed, size, strength, or whatever attributes may be sought. If class or family pride led to marriages founded on superior ethics, intelligence, imagination, or ability, it might perhaps improve the race after the methods of a stock farm. As a fact, however, social pride grows from being among the "ins" and hence feeling superiority to the "outs." It has nothing to do with virtues—with kindness, comprehension, health, or sanity—but only with position, which, often the result of accident, seldom rests on anything higher than money-making aptness, past or present. Snobbery is ridiculous everywhere, and not more here than in older lands. Abroad, aristocratic lineage traces itself back for centuries to a forgotten brigand. Here, it goes back a generation or so to a pedler, a more useful individual, perhaps, than the brigand, although too near for poetry. The descendants must keep the money if they wish to be aristocratic. To have millions, know how to eat with the right fork, and make a few acquaintances among those already in, is the road to social eminence. It is a good enough system. Any basis for castes among people of similar blood and education is ridiculous, and money will serve as well as pedigree, which means lime-light on one's origin. What should we think of a horse, if his pedigree were measured not by the value of his ancestors but simply by the length of time the record had been kept? Zooks 2a, out of Bungler, 6:08 $\frac{1}{2}$ , by Zooks, 7:11 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and so on back for forty generations, would not of itself make a qualification which would sell a racer. We judge animals on their merits, which is also not a bad way to judge men.

**A STATUE OF WASHINGTON** in London would be far from the startling sign of change which it is deemed by the American press. England has always appreciated Washington, and half appropriated him, treating him as an Englishman in mind and character. Soon after the Revolution he was described by the British as having the virtues and nature of the English country gentleman. They recognize in Lincoln, above all, and even in Grant, Jackson, or Clay, as in Mr. Roosevelt to-day, products of the New World. They would admit that Franklin, although his parents were immigrants, developed into something not characteristic of the older country. Washington, among our foremost statesmen, had most of the British quality. With this natural comprehension of Washington's nature the British have particular reasons enough for doing him honor. It is a much cleverer and more decent attention to the rising power than the gift of a statue of Frederick the Great, for instance.

**WASHINGTON IN ENGLAND**

If England were going to present us with a statue, she would know enough to choose Chatham, Fox, Burke, or Bright for a subject, or some literary genius whom we deem ours almost as much as hers. If William had offered us a statue of Goethe the reception would have been less chilling. Since the passing of Gladstone, and the winning of the Irish cause by taking it out of party politics, the only obstacles to the success of England's conciliatory attentions have been removed, and she shows notable tact in the manner of bestowing them. Perhaps a special reason for erecting a statue to Washington is the unfortunate monument to Major André in Westminster Abbey. On no ground was it deserved, and it stands as a continual censure of the commander who, refusing to yield to sentimental appeals, treated the young aristocrat as he would have treated any humbler spy.



## MEN AND DOINGS: A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

**The New Secretary of War.**—The Philippines is to have a new Governor, and the War Department a new chief. As officially announced from Oyster Bay, on

August 25, William H. Taft, Civil Governor of the Philippines since 1901, will succeed Elihu Root as Secretary of War, when the latter, now member of the Alaskan Commission, retires in January next. President Roosevelt also announced the promotion of Vice-Governor Luke E. Wright to succeed Governor Taft. In turn, Judge Henry C. Ide, Secretary of Justice and Finance in the Philippines, will succeed

**General Wright.** Curiously enough, Governor Taft's father was also Secretary of War, under General Grant. The new Secretary of War is forty-six years old, having been born in Cincinnati, in 1857. For two years he was law reporter on the Cincinnati "Commercial." He has filled successively the offices of Assistant Prosecutor, Collector of Customs, Judge of the Superior Court of Ohio, Solicitor-General of the United States, Professor of Law at the University of Cincinnati, and United States District Judge. He was made president of the Philippines Commission in 1900. Peculiarly, the office of Department Chief is not a very profitable one. When Elihu Root became Secretary of War, he had a law practice in New York valued at \$100,000 a year. His salary as Secretary of War is \$8,000. General Wright, the new Sultan of Manila—as her Majesty the Dowager-Empress of China pronounces it—is a Tennessean and a descendant of Captain Raphael Semmes, whose famous letter-of-marque *Alabama* swept the American merchant marine from the seven seas in the 60's. General Wright is about fifty-three years of age, and had three sons in the service during the Spanish-American War.

**St. Louis Free Trade and Two Celebrated Cases.**—St. Louis is trying to release the grasp of the terminal octopus from its commerce and trade, bridges, depots, "houses, massagages, and tenements." On August 29, Attorney-General Crow struck the first blow when he moved the Missouri Supreme Court, at Jefferson City, in quo warranto proceedings, to annul the charters of three members of the St. Louis Merchants Bridge Terminal Railway Association, the "monopoly whose tentacles are throttling the commerce of the city." The petition charges that the Terminal Companies have formed a conspiracy to control the arteries of trade in the Mississippi Valley, and that the aggregate value of the companies' holdings is \$300,000,000. Proceedings were impelled by fear of a coming gigantic merger. The suit promises to parallel that of the Northern Securities in public importance and interest. . . . On August 29, the great Nipper Copper Mining fight



Luke E. Wright, who  
Succeeds Governor Taft

between Senator Clark and F. Augustus Heinze was decided in the District Court at Butte, Montana, and a decision was rendered in favor of Mr. Heinze, involving mining property to the amount of \$10,000,000. This gigantic war of millionaires—and millions—has kept Montana in a turmoil for many months. The question involved veins of ore lapping between the claims of plaintiff and defendant. The history of the case includes every conceivable element of bribery and all iniquity. It has cost the reputations of a score of people, on and off the bench. . . . Caleb Powers, elected Secretary of State of Kentucky by the Republicans in 1899, was sentenced to death in the Scott County Circuit Court, on August 29, for conspiring in the assassination of Senator William Goebel, the beginning of the political vendetta that has cost many lives. Senator Goebel was shot from the window of the Secretary of State's office, on December 30, 1900, at Frankfort, Kentucky, where arguments were to be heard in his contest for Governorship of the State with W. S. Taylor.

**The War Flame in the East.**—"The States" came near having use for General Miles's automobile cavalry and artillery corps in the Far East. The bugles were

about to blow for "oil-can and monkey-wrench" instead of "Boots and Saddles." The reported assassination of William C. Magelssen, our Vice-Consul at Beirut, Syria, following closely upon the killing of the Russian Consul in Macedonia, and the threat of Turks to kill all foreign Consuls, set angry America knocking at the gates of Yildiz Kiosk. The report was received from Constantinople, August 27. Within forty-eight hours, it transpired, severally, that the Vice-Consul had not been assassinated, but an unknown person had fired upon him, and that the affair was merely a wedding-day *feu de joie*. An error in the transmission of a cipher despatch, sent by Consul Ravndal at Beirut to United States Minister Leishman at Constantinople, is held accountable, instead of the overworked and over-threatened Sultan. The President, however, had already ordered our Mediterranean Squadron, under Rear-Admiral Cotton, to the scene where the trouble should be, and the fleet sailed from Genoa. . . . The report of England's Royal Commission, concerning the conduct of the South African War—and misconduct of the War Office—probably offers an explanation why the Lords of the Island do not care to bother with the "Macedonian cry." But the other war lords of the earth are marking down Turkey for Christmas. If we are to believe all reports, the country north of the Bosphorus is a seething caldron of conflict. Railroad travel is viewed by actuaries as extra hazardous, and a dozen cities in the fire zone weekly rise from their ashes like the Phoenix. Adrianople, the principal scene of trouble, is one hundred and twenty-seven

others requested. The matter has grown to such proportions that a Senatorial Commission will investigate. The five civilized tribes of the Indian Territory are important people in the Government's eyes. In addition to their landed estate, they have immense funds in the United States Treasury, which have been accumulating for nearly a century. The Chickasaw disbursing office at Tishomingo recently made a discretionary payment of \$40 per capita and a total of more than \$200,000.

**Politics and the Presidency.**—"Tom" Johnson, Cleveland's eccentric Mayor, has proved himself to be the man with the iron hand, that worked the delegates that made the boom that may land the Governorship, that may lead to the White House where the President lives. On August 26, the Democratic Convention nominated the entire ticket of Ohio's tutelary deity, with Mayor Johnson himself at the head, and approved his choice for United States Senator—John H. Clarke of Cleveland. John L. Zimmerman, his opponent, who a week before bit his thumb in derision at the Johnsonian boom, gave up the ghost when he saw that the big man from Cleveland controlled the convention. Mr. Clarke, who will stump the State with Mr. Johnson, has been a prominent attorney in Youngstown for many years, but now lives in Cleveland. The convention struck hands with W. J. Bryan on national issues, and with Mayor Johnson on State issues. It condemns colonialism, imperialism, trusts, government by injunction, and financial monopoly, and adheres to the principles of the Kansas City platform. . . . Mayor Johnson, Governor Taft, Mr. Cleveland, et al., are not the only statesmen spoken of for the chair of the Chief Executive of these United States. The anthracite workers of Pennsylvania have started a boom for Judge Gray. Even Republican miners are ready to electoriate for the Chairman of the Coal Strike Commission, who showed his quality in settling one of the greatest labor struggles the country has seen. But Judge Gray has not yet indicated that he is hungry for the United States "Victoria Cross," and the miners, in view of a threatened shutdown by overstocked railroad and coal companies, have more serious present issues on their hands.

**Millions for Farmers—Death to Trusts.**—The Governments of both Great Britain and the United States (like many individuals in each country) are troubled over financial affairs. But the fiscal scheme of Colonial Secretary Chamberlain, which was repudiated by voters of Argyllshire, on August 26, at the Parliamentary bye-election, has been improved on by the Secretary of the Treasury for the United States.

Mr. Shaw has become a money-lender on a colossal scale. The proposition of Secretary Shaw, unprecedented in Treasury policy, is to hold out of the Treasury revenue receipts to the amount of \$40,000,000. This money will be deposited in National Banks subject to loan on approved State and municipal bonds, and is to serve as an emergency fund to prevent a recurrence of the money famine of last fall. . . . While the combines are gathering in all the Eastern railways, and St. Louis is lawing with the terminal octopus, a committee of the American Bar Association, in convention at Hot Springs, Virginia, August 27, has dared to play the martingale on Providence, and declare war on the trusts! According to a report from the Committee on Commercial Law, trusts are ruining small dealers, the mainstay of the law business, and unless he wishes to be devoured, it is the duty of Attorney Siegfried to slay the Trust Dragon. In the next ten years the committee fears all workmen will toil for one possible employer and the purchaser of wares deal with but one possible seller. The remedies proposed by the committee are: to tax the trusts to death, by a franchise impost graduated upward, to compel them to supply goods at lower rates, or the State to restore competition by entering the field. The report was fiercely attacked by members of the conference, and has become the subject of widespread controversy. "Twixt hopes and fears, the legal fraternity, like Mohammed's coffin, seems to be suspended between heaven and earth pending action.



Turkish Troops Disembarking at Salonika

miles from Constantinople. The city has a population of one hundred and fifty thousand. It is the chief railroad junction in Turkey, and commands the northern approach to the capital. The last conflict reported between Bulgarians and Turks took place at Smilovo, a village northwest of Monastir, and resulted in the defeat of the revolutionists with a loss of one thousand men.

**Land-Hunters and Land-Grabbers.**—While American Indians are fighting land-grabbers for their homes and Afro-Americans are seeking a country of their own in the Dark Continent, another race is preparing for a great exodus. At the session of the Zionist Congress at Basle, Switzerland, at the end of August, the principal topic discussed was Great Britain's proposal (favored by Russia) to establish an independent Hebrew colony in her East-African protectorate as an alternative for the original scheme of Zionists to colonize Palestine. The territory that Great Britain has offered the Zionists for colonization is an elevated tract two hundred miles long on the Uganda Railroad between Mau and Nairobi. The region is said to be unparalleled in tropical Africa, well watered, fertile, cool, with great, primeval forests, and as healthy for Europeans as Great Britain or New England. The project is not received favorably in this country. . . . Developments of the fraudulent transfer of Indian lands in the Territory, indicate that the sleuths of the Agricultural Department have their work cut out, and intend to get to the bottom of the Red Man's wrongs. Several minor officials have been dismissed and the resignation of



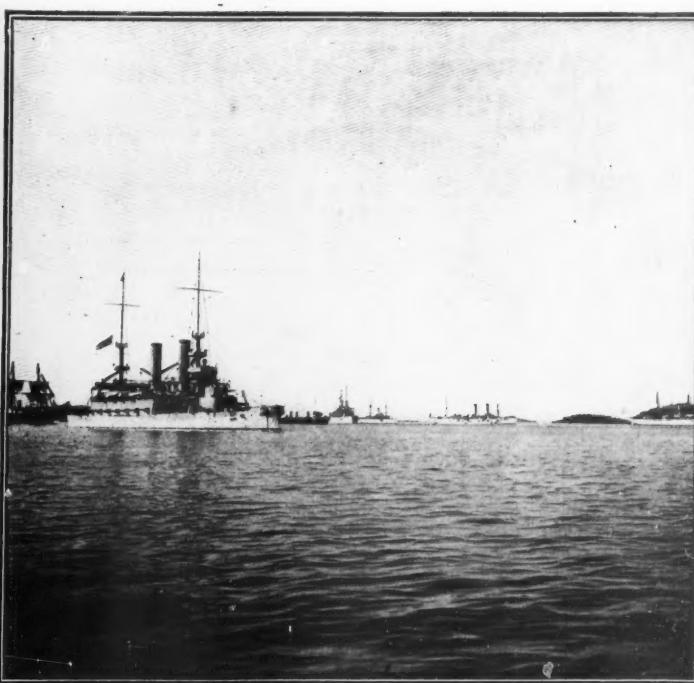
Tom L. Johnson



Distributing Money to the Chickasaw Indians



THE SIXTIETH STREET STATION OF THE NEW YORK UNDERGROUND RAPID TRANSIT RAILWAY—ONE OF THE FIRST TO BE COMPLETED



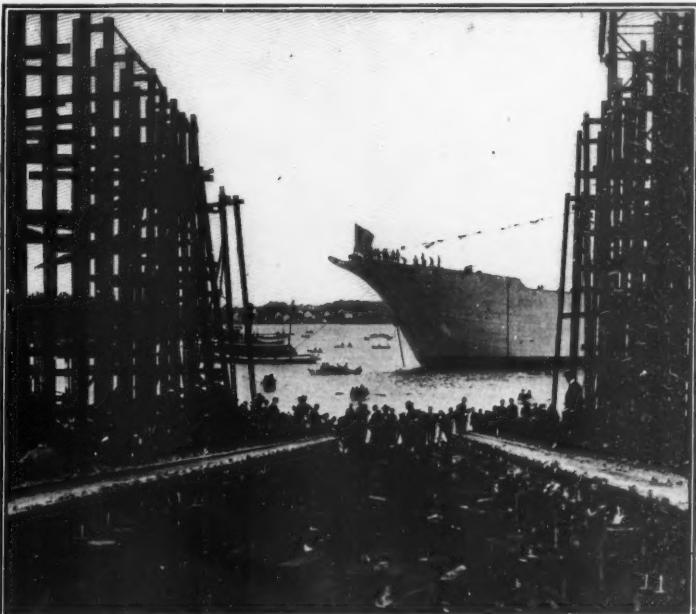
THE WAR GAME OFF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST—ADMIRAL BARKER'S FLEET ANCHORED IN CASCO BAY, NEAR PORTLAND, MAINE



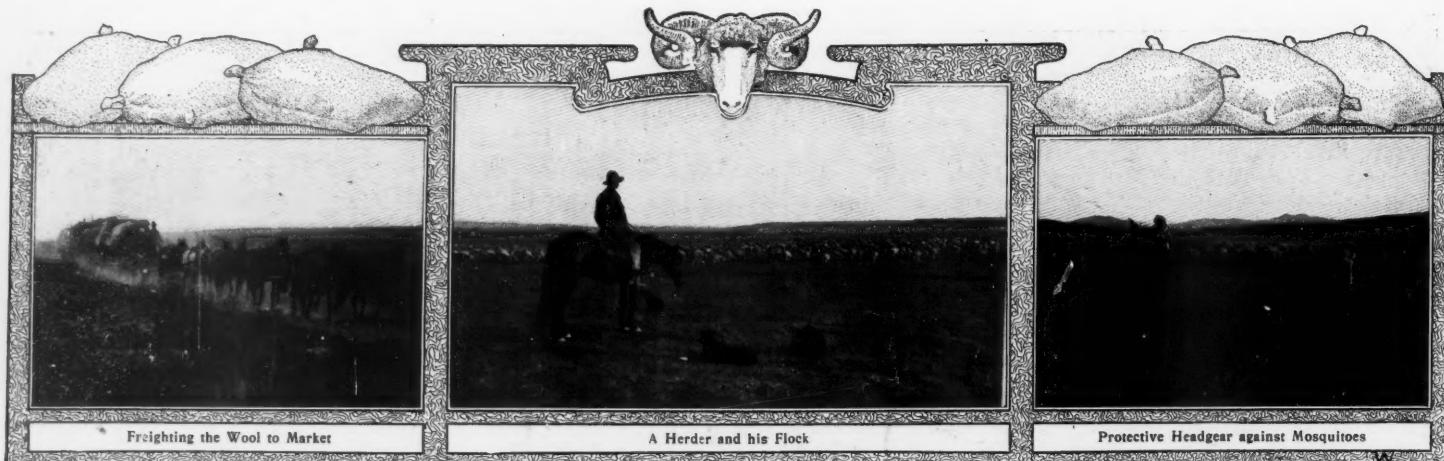
BRITISH AND COLONIAL DELEGATES TO THE CONGRESS OF THE CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE AT OTTAWA, AUGUST 22



PARADE OF G.A.R. VETERANS IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, DURING THE RECENT NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT



LAUNCH OF THE SIX-MASTED STEEL SCHOONER "W. L. DOUGLAS," AT QUINCY POINT, MASSACHUSETTS, AUGUST 29



## THE GREAT WOOL MARKET OF THE WEST

By SUMNER W. MATTESEN

**T**HE WOOL MARKETS of Great Falls and Billings, Montana, opened this year on July 6, and continued in operation until the last week of August. In that time, 9,233,000 pounds of wool were sold at Great Falls, which, in 1902, proved itself the greatest wool market of the world, with Billings a close second. This season, however, although it is too early for official returns to be made in detail, it is estimated that Billings marketed a trifle more than 10,000,000 pounds of wool. As high as 17½ cents a pound was paid for the clean long staple article, while the average price obtained in these two great markets was 16.13 cents. There were other marketing centres, less important, but whose markets contributed materially to the impressive total output for Montana of 37,500,000 pounds. In recent years Montana has become the leading wool State of the Union, producing 29,796,089 pounds in 1901, and more than 33,000,000 pounds in 1902. The season just closed maintains the rapid pace of increase, with nearly 12 per cent better showing than last year. Among the minor markets, with new records for this season, were Miles City, 4,000,000 pounds; Dillon, 1,500,000 pounds; and Big Timber, 1,250,000 pounds. Fergus County, second among the sheep counties of Montana, has been opened as a wool market by the operation of the Lewiston Railroad, and the industry is "on the jump as never before," to use the words of the wool men. The average price received this season is the highest in four years, and will bring into the State \$6,000,000, in round numbers. The Billings wool market had a longer session than its rival at Great Falls, because of the late arrival of the wool from the Northern growers, and for this reason the returns were not in quite as early.

### Profit and Loss

As there is no scouring plant in the State, the sheep men last year paid freight to Boston and Philadelphia on over 25,000,000 pounds of dirt and grease, and several million pounds more this season, the shrinkage in scouring having been 63 per cent, and the scoured wool selling at forty-seven cents per pound. Investors will recognize in these figures the saving that might be made in the establishment of a scouring plant on the Missouri River, at Great Falls, and of the profits accruing from such an investment.

Sheep-raising in Montana presents many interesting phases, the wool grower having to deal with lambing crews and shearing crews, herders and freighters, wool buyers and mutton markets, and often to battle with cattlemen for possession of the range. The herder must not be too energetic lest he wear the sheep out with continued running, or he himself go crazy through enforced idleness. He must be up with the sun and soon release his restless flocks from their wolf-proof pens. Then with his dogs he must take his two thousand five hundred or three thousand sheep to fresh ranges, feeding leisurely as they go. He must know the poisonous weeds and carefully avoid them, as the sheep do not discriminate, and the careless herder may

suddenly see his sheep falling on all sides, and lose several hundred before he is able to extricate them from a poisonous tract. During the heat of the day all rest, each animal hanging his head in the shade of another, and the herder usually carrying an umbrella and mosquito-netting for his own protection. It is then that the more energetic herders busy themselves by gathering the loose stones and erecting monuments that are seen on high places throughout the West and Southwest, and excite the curiosity of strangers in the land. In the summer time the sheep are herded out into the foothills, perhaps fifteen or twenty miles from the home ranch, the range and pastures nearby being saved for winter's use, and for lambing and shearing time. In case of severe storms in winter the herder has not far to go, and can soon comfortably shelter his flocks and feed them from his stacks of wild hay and alfalfa. If caught out by late storms, as that of May last, when occurred the heaviest snowfall ever recorded in Montana, there is no telling what the result may be. The temperature was then slightly above freezing, with continuous snowfall for several days. The sheep and herders became wet through and chilled to the marrow, many perishing, not from freezing, but from chills. It is at such times that the herder needs be energetic and act with good judgment, many having given up their lives in a vain effort to pick their way through the blinding storm and to lead their flocks to places of safety, while others, forsaking all, were even then unable to save themselves. The faithful collie alone may have found his way back to camp to direct a rescuing party to where his master had fallen, or, faithful unto the end, he may have waited in vain for his master to awaken and direct him in his work. This storm was particularly trying, coming as it did in the midst of lambing season, when neither the young nor the old ewes were in fit condition to withstand it. Electrical storms are also dangerous, the lightning seeming to be attracted by the sheep, and to strike down the herders who may be standing on high places.

Extra help is needed in May and early June during lambing season, when the bands are kept in close, and when the lambs, if possible, should be penned up with their mothers for a few days, until the ewes become thoroughly familiar with the scent of their offspring. Most domestic as well as wild animals seem to scent kinship or danger, when a full view of the same friend or foe might not have attracted their attention, and the stray lamb, gladly taking milk from any ewe, is not rejected on sight, but only after being thoroughly scented. During the May storm a rancher near Cascade, having two cows with calves, lost one of each and endeavored to have the lonely mother adopt the orphan. She would not consider the proposition until the dead calf had been skinned and its hide blanketed about the survivor, and then, gradually becoming accustomed to the smell, she adopted the impostor.

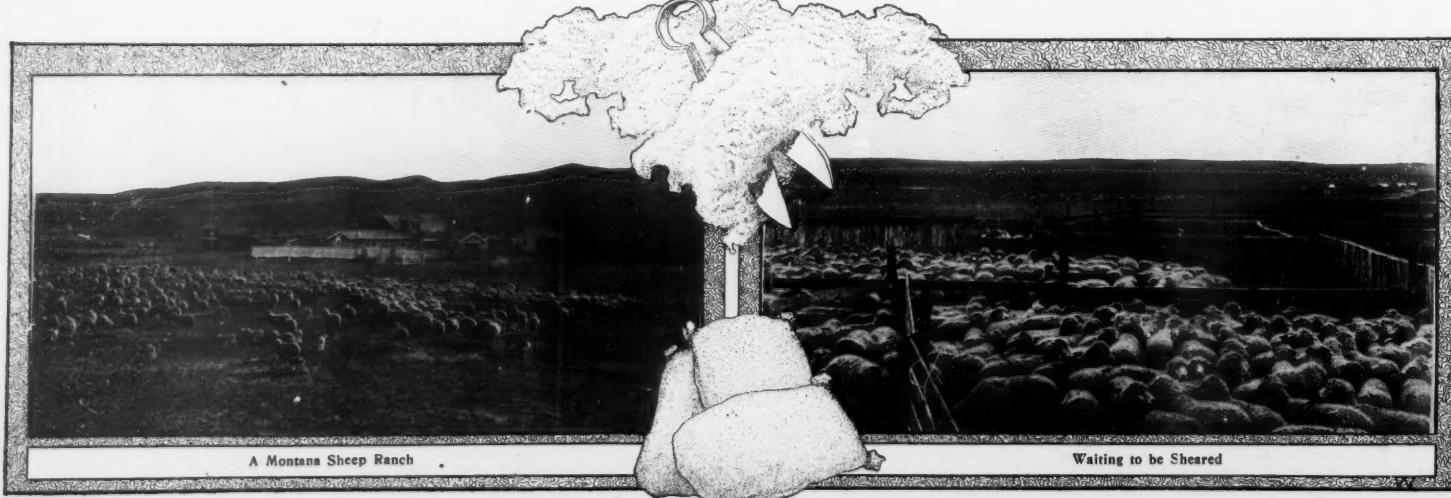
The shearing crews are a nomadic lot, preceding the wool-buyers in their circuit from Texas in April,

through California and the Northwest, and finishing in Montana about the middle of July. They are paid seven and three-quarter cents net for each fleece as dropped, the gatherer getting one-quarter cent each for tying and delivering to the sacker. The sacking, weighing, carting, and branding are done by salaried men at from thirty-five to fifty dollars per month with board, about the same as is paid the herders and lambing crew. Good shearers may average over one hundred sheep in a day, and can double that on a wager for a day or two; but as they must stand with stiff legs and bodies inclined ninety degrees, and use considerable force to hold down the restless beasts, they are for the most part willing to rest with ninety to their credit. The sheep are driven through a runway and penned, five at a time, back of each shearer. The shorn are then driven on and the pens refilled, until the whole band has been relieved of its wool and another is started down the line. The sheep are sorted out beforehand, so as to keep the sacked wool graded as nearly as possible, each sack containing over three hundred pounds or about fifty fleeces.

The freighter then loads the sacks and hauls two or three wagon-loads at a time, aggregating as high as two thousand two hundred pounds, and requiring as many as fourteen horses in harness to cover the level stretches. On hills and sandy places the wagons are uncoupled and taken up one at a time, and if caught in the rain on an adobe flat, the only thing is to camp and pray for sunshine. The distance covered each day averages from fifteen to twenty-five miles, according to the weather and the roads, and the opportunities of camping where grass and water are available. The longest hauls are from the Judith Basin to Great Falls, reaching even one hundred and fifty miles and requiring the best part of a month for a round trip.

### Buying and Selling the Crop

The buyers sometimes visit neighboring shearing plants, so as to get a better idea of the season's crop. They then meet and appoint sales days on which the growers present their samples, and the buyers secretly write on slips of paper the amounts they are willing to pay per pound for each lot. The bids are not opened until the close of the day's business, and on the following morning a slate shows the sales of the day previous as made to the highest bidders. Should the samples not have been fairly selected, the fact may not be discovered until the sacks are opened in the Eastern warehouses. No recourse can then be had on the grower, but the following season such sellers are likely to have their wool turned down by all buyers, or at least undervalued by them. Comparatively little trouble is had on this score, however. In the Eastern warehouses each fleece, naturally remaining intact, is spread out on a table, and perhaps six different lengths and grades of wool are sorted from it. Finally all is in readiness for the manufacturers, who then come to select and purchase such grades and quantities of the year's crop as are best suited to their needs.



A Montana Sheep Ranch

Waiting to be Sheared



Sleeping Quarters in the Detention House at Malone

The Dining-Room

The Detention House Kitchen and Chinese Cook

## THE CHINAMAN AT OUR GATES

A PERSONAL INSPECTION OF THE PORT OF ENTRY ON THE CANADIAN FRONTIER

By POULTNEY BIGELOW

**W**E ALL HAVE to talk French hereabout—and this refers to the Empire State of New York where it touches Canada. Originally we were Dutchmen who got our lands from the Red Indians. Next we became English, and now we receive at our chief seaport six hundred thousand aliens every year—two thousand for every working day.

So much for the great front door to the North American Continent, where Galician Jews, Roumanians, Bulgarians, Levantines, Armenians, Croats, Italians, Portuguese—a whole human menagerie of nondescript humanity—pushes past the turnstile of Uncle Sam, and in the course of a few months is casting a vote and helping us to determine the financial system of the future.

But we have a back door to the State of New York, and it is there that my friend, Homer Lyman, a true Yankee, said to me: "This is no place for a white man! The French are taking all the work away from us!"

Then I ran across Jean Baptiste Moreau, who wore a coat made out of a red blanket, and a knit worsted night-cap characteristic of the "Canuck" or French-Canadian. Jean Baptiste and I had had some confidential talks. I had lent him a French book, and he had hung my axe properly on the helle—an art we do not learn in the groves of Academus.

"Mais que voulez-vous, monsieur," said Jean Baptiste to me one morning, "there is no chance for me—un brave Canadien—in this country. We can not compete with the Chinaman—nous autres, enfin, nous sommes des hommes civilisés!"

"What Chinaman?" said I—for we were at the northern end of the Adirondack Forest, some four hundred miles from the port of New York, at a point where we could see the Canadian St. Lawrence, a broad silver shimmer nearing Montreal.

"Ah, monsieur, the Chinaman comes over in the night, and he comes over also by day. They come more and more. The law says no, but the sheriff, the jailer, the lawyers—enfin, the Government—says yes!"

"Nonsense," said I. "We have a very strong law excluding the Chinese!"

Jean Baptiste shrugged his shoulder.

"If monsieur will go to Malone he will see for himself!"

So I went to Malone, which is the customs port of entry on the line Montreal-New York, and the most important of the half-dozen stations where Chinamen are detained pending examination.

The sheriff was there, so was the under-sheriff, so was a member of Congress,

so was the warden of the prison, and, of course, I had some chat with two or three prominent citizens. I also met one or two special United States Commissioners detailed to supervise the checking of Chinese immigration from Canada.

And after a careful discussion of the Chinese Exclusion Act with men in a position to give an opinion worth quoting, I have no hesitation in pronouncing our present means of excluding Chinamen as one gigantic and complicated fraud. Let me illustrate.

The sheriff took me into the jail where were about thirty Chinamen awaiting trial. The prison was of the modern and very costly kind, built in a manner to suggest the vaults of a safe deposit company, with a remote reminder of the fireproof arrangements of the British Museum.

These Chinamen, according to our common law, which is the same as that of England, are theoretically

innocent until proved guilty. But in practice we put them in jail first and let them prove their innocence afterward.

Thus at the very outset the United States places itself in a false position by committing to prison subjects of a friendly power who *ostensibly* have as much technical right to enter the United States as any other traveller on the Canadian Pacific—and, indeed, a better moral right than most steerage passengers landing by steamer from Europe.

I say *ostensibly*, because each Chinaman who arrives on the New York border of Canada professes that he is an American by birth, and consequently entitled to return to his native soil!

Now is the opportunity for the sly broker in human rights. The man of law has his agents in San Francisco, in Boston, in Chicago, in New York, in Washington. He can engage to prove the incoming Chinaman innocent and stamp him "made in America" for a trifling fee of \$50 to \$100.

This fee is not paid by the immigrant, but by some one of the big Chinese companies who have a chain of banking houses reaching from Hong Kong through San Francisco, Vancouver, and the Mexican border, clear across the Continent to the Bay of Fundy.

• Uncle Sam claps the innocent Chinaman into the Malone jail, and there he remains for one, two, three, possibly four months waiting trial—during which time the Government is presumably gathering the proofs by means of which he is to be deported.

At the same time, the lawyer who is appointed to take charge of this case in the interest of the Chinaman takes him aside and makes him commit to mem-

The sheriff is wrong. The Chinaman profits by the laxity of our Civil Service. Instead of selecting for this delicate work men competent in matters Oriental, we fill the positions with office-seekers who know little of China.

To me each one of those thirty prisoners was as distinct an individual as could be found anywhere. There was the keen shopboy, the calm Sampan coolie, the more highly bred comprador type, the bunt workman, the indoor tailor type, the waiter—"boy," in short, nothing is easier than to classify the Chinaman even when all are dressed alike. It is infinitely easier than to size up Germans at a swimming establishment. The face of a German high official differs but little from that of a day laborer. In China the two could never be confounded, save by a Malone politician.

My friend the sheriff made pets of his Chinamen. They seemed quite attached to him. While I was chatting in the main detention-room, a Chinese party was gambling with cards, and a bright Canton China boy ran up with three dollars, asking for change. He appeared to have perfect confidence in my friend—even when he pretended to pocket the money. The Chinaman merely smiled his ineffable smile.

The change could not be made by the sheriff, so I tried and succeeded, and with a few cents more than the three dollars.

I told the Chinaman to keep the change, and pressed him not to bother about it. But at such a point his face became grave, and the high Chinese commercial honor asserted itself. Nothing would do but to fumble through all the folds of his mysterious under-garments until he fished out the few pennies needful to make the change; and these he presented to me with as much gravity as though it were Pierpont Morgan declaring a dividend on the preferred stock of the United States Steel Corporation.

This is very typical, according to my experience. Often and often again have I been in situations where Chinese (in China) could have pilfered from me or cheated me—yet never has this happened. Indeed, I have left my effects about in China with greater impunity than I would dare to do in my own country.

The Sheriff of Malone gets three dollars a week for each Chinaman that he cares for. This is paid by Uncle Sam, though the sheriff himself is an officer of the State of New York. The sheriff has therefore a direct pecuniary interest in detaining the Chinamen as long as possible. He treats them very well—gives them the liberty of the place—

for what it is worth! It costs only three dollars a week to board and lodge the school-teacher up there, and consequently we may reasonably say that the sheriff makes a clean profit of at least one dollar a week on each Chinaman put into his hands—on food alone.

I went into the kitchen, where half a dozen of the prisoners were preparing the noonday meal. The sheriff sang loudly the praises of his yellow prisoners—compared them most favorably with the French Canadians and eke with my fellow Yankees.

"These yellow people wash their rice six times before they think it is clean enough for them!"

And to be sure, everything about the kitchen struck me as exquisitely clean—much cleaner than an average American kitchen. They had meat, and tomatoes, and potatoes, and rice, and tea—a generous diet, so far as I could gather. (Continued on Page 19.)



CHINAMEN ARRIVING AT THE RAILROAD STATION, MALONE, NEW YORK



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## THE WEAKER

DRAWN BY CHARLES DAN

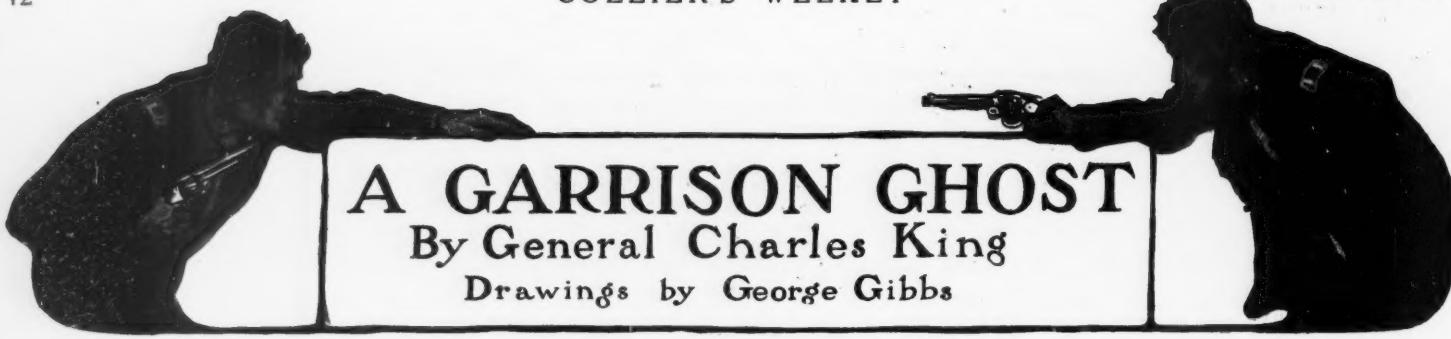
*In pursuance of the advice of his physicians, our hero sets out for a  
at the journey's end, he meets an old friend, who insists upon taking*



## AKER SEX.—V.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

ero sets out for a quiet spot in search of rest. Upon his arrival  
insists upon taking him home and introducing him to his daughters



## A GARRISON GHOST

By General Charles King

Drawings by George Gibbs

**S**OME QUEER things happened at an old frontier army post the summer of '76 while all the cavalry of the garrison were out on the chase of the Sioux. It was a grawsome year—the year that Custer and his gallant men went down before the hordes of Sitting Bull and weeping women and children cowered in many a fort all over the Western plains. But even under such conditions "love will find a way," and Fort Russell was at once enlivened by a romance and thrilled by a visitor from the spirit world. Somebody, without the courage to declare himself, had declared his love for a soldier's daughter. Somebody was writing letters, verses, and passionate appeals to the prettiest girl at the post—somebody who raved of noble birth and baronial estates, and a legend-haunted castle in the Rhineland to which he besought her to fly with him. In his present humble guise, he wrote, he dared not reveal himself to her until, by openly wearing a certain knot of ribbon which he sent her, she gave him to know her heart was inclined to hear further. "A modern major-general" had her father been in the great war of the sixties, and his daughter would stoop to no such conquest; but all the more intense became the mysterious missives, picked up at various points along the row of officers' quarters, and faithfully brought to her by the finders. And finally, as the writer's hopes gave way to despair, pleas and protestations were followed by threats. Since she scorned his love, he could but die. Since she would not see him in the flesh, she should see him in the spirit. Nor bolt, nor lock could bar him from her bedside. That should be the reward of her cruelty, and, strange to say, Miss Thornton, who laughed at first, began to pale. There had been no place in her heart for anonymous admirers. It had gone to another. But the letters suddenly ceased. Then those queer things began to happen and strange stories were now afloat.

There came a bleak November evening. The sun had sulked behind the snow-clouds, hovering thick over the Black Hills of Wyoming. A spiteful wind blew whistling out from the sombre depths of the Pass, and moaning about the ramshackle buildings and quarters of the old frontier fort. The prairie, townward, was swept clean of any covering save the thin blanket of bunch grass, but every little ditch or depression had its fleecy lining, and the flakes came swirling on the chill blast of the mountains, sending a shiver through the worn frame of many a trooper just in from the long, ill-starred campaign of '76. They had had to eat their horses to keep alive that summer and fall, and were not enraptured with Indian-chasing as they had found it, with Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse leading the huge hostile bands. They averaged nearly twenty pounds lighter to the man than when they started forth so buoyantly from this very point in early June. They were bidden to get home and recuperate—headquarters and six troops coming here to old Fort Russell. They thanked God when the trumpets sang "Dismount" at the stable, and their scarecrow steeds neighed an equine amen.

There were others looking on with less equanimity—officers, men, and some few women, members of a garrison now ordered to vacate and make room for the Fifth. Russell was a pet station, being near Cheyenne, the cars, and civilization. They, these others, had occupied it four long years and thought they owned it. They had been very civil to the Fifth when it pitched its tents on the prairie late in May, coming up from Kansas to help subjugate the Sioux. They little dreamed then that in less than six months the general would turn them out and the Fifth in, but he had, and here were the new tenants, gaunt, bearded, and hard as nails, officers and men looking for a place to lay their heads, while more than half of the outgoing families were still unpacked.

"Haven't you any unoccupied quarters?" demanded the major commanding of the young post quartermaster. "It's five months since I've slept under a roof."

"Only No. 1," answered the youth, with marked hesitancy, and his face clouded as he spoke.

"Well, what's the matter with that? We can go in there, can't we?" The major shoved his blue hands in the pockets of his worn scouting breeches and glowered.

"Why—yes, sir—you can—

only—" Then the lieutenant gulped and got no further. The prettiest thing the major and his two staff officers had seen for six months came galloping up on a spirited bay. Off came the battered felt hats. Major commanding, adjutant, and regimental quartermaster were deaf to further remarks of local officials and sightless to everything but the winsome girl in saddle.

She could not have been more than eighteen. She was divinely tall and, in spite of all that Cheyenne zephyrs could do at the expense of complexion, most divinely fair. She had laughing blue eyes, a lovely mouth, with large, white, even teeth. Her bright brown hair was piled up and scientifically screwed under a jaunty, drab felt hat. Her form was wellnigh perfect, so beautifully was it rounded and developed. She sat her horse like an Amazon queen. Small wonder: she had ridden since babyhood. She had all her father's regiment at her feet and now sought other worlds to conquer, in spite of the fact that the man she most feared and fancied stood in silence not ten paces away, a witness to the scene.

A brave girl, too, was Jessica Thornton, and a good one. Coquetry is no crime—woman without it is a rose without its fragrance. Daughter of the regiment, long at Russell, she had turned from the importunity of its commissioned bachelors, and had fascinated big Bob Ramsay of the Fifth; danced with him, three out of six, at the farewell hop the 1st of June; quarreled with him vehemently that very night, and parted with him ten hours later without a word of remorse. He had sent back her few little, friendly, uncompromising missives and marched the next day. Now, here he was back with his regiment—indeed had been sent in two days ahead, preceding it to choose camp ground and arrange for all supplies, and never had he come near her. She, springing lightly from saddle, overwhelmed the major and his satellites with joyous, jubilant congratulation on their return, but it was Bob Ramsay she was studying out of the corners of her blue eyes—Bob, who was busy directing the unpacking of a big army wagon, and could not be induced to glance at her at all.

Even when the major, "sizing up the situation," found means whereby to summon the young officer into his presence and Jessica Thornton's, no good resulted. Bob saluted his commanding officer and stood at attention. He did not even touch his hat-brim to her. Mentally and physically his attitude was "strictly business," and the major had to devise a pretext.

"Have you relieved Lieutenant Dunn as post commissary?" he asked.

"Four hours ago, sir, and so reported at the time."

"Fact," said the major, coloring, "I had forgotten it. Er—well, that's all—unless—" he finished lamely and glanced to where Miss Thornton, chatting with the adjutant, stood with her left arm through the reins, her gauntleted hands drawing her whip-lash to and fro between her ripe red lips, her eyes shooting furtive glances under their long lashes away from the two staff officers and straight at the unmoving Ramsay. The major's hint fell flat. Ramsay chose to regard the situation as entirely official.

"Well—oh, what I wanted to say, Ramsay," hurried on the major, "is that we're going to sleep in No. 1 to-night—make our bedding down on the floor, you know, and as you're relieved from troop duty we'd be glad to have you with us. Tell the wagoner to dump your bedding roll with ours over at the end house of the row."

"Thank you, major. I may have to," answered Ramsay promptly, but still maintaining the attitude of attention. "Dunn went off an hour ago and forgot to leave me the combination. I can't open the office safe and here's a wad of something like seven hundred dollars commissary funds. If it won't crowd you—"

"Oh, not a bit of it!" said Downer heartily. "The more the merrier."

"Where did Major Downer say you were to sleep?" asked Miss Thornton, suddenly, of the adjutant. "Not—No. 1?" and an odd anxiety stood in her bright eyes.

"No. 1 it is—four doors from yours, as I remember, and convenient to the clubroom." Mr. Billings's gaze was following Ramsay as that officer hastened back to his wagon, still refusing to see that Jessica Thornton stood chatting with his comrades but shooting glances at him. She, too, in spite of gallant effort, found that impulse to gaze uncontrollable, but, noting his persistent indifference, presently turned away.

"I think I'll ride over home now," she said, gathering skirts and reins, even as her eyes, suspiciously beginning to swim, flashed once more on the broad, straight back and squared shoulders of Mr. Robert Ramsay. Her radiant face had paled a bit. Her right hand sought the off pommel; the toe of a shiny little boot popped into the practiced hand of the quartermaster, and up she shot into saddle, light as a bird, and, with a comprehensive nod and smile to the three, rode swiftly away toward the eastward gate.

"Where're you going?" said the adjutant, that night, to Gray, the orderly in charge. "I told you to make down your blankets in the dining-room."

"I know, sir," said Gray, with embarrassed salute. "But—if the lieutenant doesn't mind, I—I'd like to sleep over with 'C' Troop. I know most of their fellows. I—I've bolted the rear doors."

"Oh, as you please—though that leaves us with nobody. Preuss, too, asked to sleep over in barracks"—But Gray was gone.

Mr. Billings looked about him. The walls and floor of the little army parlor seemed unusually bare. A wooden table, with a lantern on the south side and a coal stove at the north, were the only items of furniture. Radiating from the latter were the outspread camp kits of four officers, spread on the floor, and, though it was barely ten o'clock, two of these gentry, the major and Lieutenant Ramsay, the new post commissary, had turned in for the night. They had been up since earliest dawn and were glad of rest. Hull, regimental quartermaster, was still out—calling somewhere along the row.

Back of the bare parlor lay the bare dining-room. Back of the bare dining-room the cheerless kitchen; back of that some wood and coal sheds. "Bolt the doors, will you, Billings?" shouted Ramsay, as the former had gone exploring. "I can't risk this money, yet I've got to, until morning."

"All set," answered the adjutant, as he in turn kicked off his boots. In ten minutes in came Hull, locking the door behind him. In twenty the major was snoring and, turning the lantern low, Hull, too, scrambled into his blankets and the quartet was speedily lulled to sleep.

Two hours later Billings started from slumber. Somebody was speaking.

"Who's that walking about



BOB SALUTED HIS COMMANDING OFFICER AND STOOD AT ATTENTION

there?" testily demanded the major. "What the devil's the matter?" No answer.

Billings squirmed out of his blankets. "I haven't moved," said he. "Did you put out the light?" he continued, as Hull's long arms came out from under the blanket and the quartermaster indulged in a stretch and yawn. The adjutant had struck a match and was retouching the lantern. The major was sitting up. "Nobody seems to have stirred in this outfit. What had you heard?" asked Billings.

"Somebody moving about—plain as could be. I hailed twice and got no answer. I thought it must be Hull."

"And I thought it was you, Billings," put in the quartermaster. "Somebody was prowling about here in stocking feet—sure." Then Ramsay started up and shoved a hand underneath his rude pillow. The lantern threw its mild rays about the room. "Packet's all right," said he. "Could it have been Gray, or Preuss, coming in after all?"

Billings took the lantern and scouted the dining-room and kitchen. "All doors bolted and windows fastened," said he. The two front windows had been raised some six inches each for fresh air, but the blinds were latched. The night was sharply cold. The little wood fire in the stove had burned out. Billings shivered a bit as he reset the lantern on the table and huddled again under his blankets. Nothing more was said. The major and his staff officers confided to one another next day that they thought it must have been Ramsay—nervous and anxious because of his package of currency—stirring about, half asleep, half awake. The sentries about the post were calling twelve o'clock as the quartet dropped off to sleep again. They were calling two when the sound of placid snoring was rudely interrupted. It was the major again.

"D—n that door!" said he, as he shuffled out of his blankets, and with suggestive emphasis shut the light wooden portal that swung between them and the hallway.

"Why, I closed that when I came in," drowsily spoke Hull.

"I know you did," growled the major, burrowing again into the warm buffalo robe and blankets. "And the cantankerous thing swung open at one and let in a lot of cold air. I got up and shut it. Five minutes ago that cold draft woke me again. The lantern's burning queer, too."

"Br-r-r!" shuddered Ramsay, sitting up. "We ought to have kept up the fire. Billings's hand here is just like ice. What were you reaching for, anyhow?" he abruptly queried of his next-door neighbor on the floor.

"When?" asked Billings, yawning.

"Just now—just before the major spoke. I felt your hand on my face and it gave me the creeps."

For answer Billings whipped both hands from under his blankets. "Feel," said he. "I didn't touch you."

Ramsay grabbed first one hand, then the other. Each was warm as toast. "Well, I'll be—jiggered," said he. "Hull, have you been up?"

"Haven't stirred," was the sententious answer. For a moment there was silence. Then Ramsay gave a nervous laugh. "Well, by crimminy, fellows, this may be all right, but I've been told a dozen times, I think, that they had a haunted house here at Russell, and, begad, I believe we're in it." Then all of a sudden he whirled about and up to his knees, and out came his revolver. "By God! Look at that door!"

In an instant the other three also had whirled about and were on their knees at a bound. In the dim gleam of the sputtering lantern, the hall door, closed so carefully by the major not three minutes before, was slowly, unaccountably, swinging open again. Revolver in hand, Hull sprang to his feet and the table, seized in his left the lantern, and four strides took him through the doorway. A cold wind came blowing down from the upper floor, and, left in darkness, the trio heard him swiftly mount the creaking stairs, then go searching through the two rooms and hallway aloft. In five minutes he was back, curiously examining the latch of the offending portal. "All five windows fastened," said he. "Pane broken in the back dormer might account for the cold wind, and there's lots of rubbish in a closet, but that's all." He slammed the door to, shoved his pistol under the pillow, and crawled in again. "But it's—mighty queer," he added. And then there was silence.

Thornton, lieutenant-colonel commanding the post, but under orders to march, met our major in the morning. "How'd you rest?" asked he, and was duly enlightened as to what had taken place. His face was a study, but finally he spoke. "Downer, you've known me twenty years and know that I don't stampede easy, but I may as well own that I'm up against something here I can't fathom. Our fellows shun that set of quarters as they would a pest-house. Three times we've had men desert post when put on sentry duty back of it. Sloan of the old Rifles shot himself in No. 1 the year it was built, and there isn't a man in the ranks, or a woman in Sudstown, that don't believe his ghost walks there to this day." Then, in lower tone and with a grimace, "And there are lots of people up here along the line that you couldn't bribe to spend a night there. That's my legacy to you. I march for Laramie to-morrow."

And with the morrow, all but the wives and children of the officers, the old regiment had pulled out and the Fifth struck tents and were moving in. The colonel of each regiment had been a major-general in the war days. One was now going to Europe on leave; the other had been called straight from the field to division headquarters, for Sheridan wished to hear at first hand the details of the strange and eventful campaign. Leaving the colonel's quarters to their legitimate occupant, therefore, when he should reappear, Downer chose No. 5 as the temporary commander of the regiment and post; courteously bade Mrs. Thornton and Jessica to take their own time in packing, assuring them that he would not move in until they were all started for Laramie on the trail of the regiment. Old Stannard, senior captain, had taken No. 9 for his future home. Mrs. Stannard and the ladies of the Fifth

were still at the Kansas posts occupied at the outbreak of the Sioux war. So for several days the officers were keeping bachelor's hall as they shook down into their new station. Billings, the adjutant, went to Kansas to bring up the band and regimental headquarters. Hull, the quartermaster, and Ramsay, the post commissary, set to work to get their offices and storerooms in order. Hull chose No. 8 as his abiding-place and set plasterers and kalsominers to work. Ramsay decided that he would take a room under the quartermaster's roof, as they were to mess together, but both of them shook hands on it that for the present, at least, they would sleep in the one house that hadn't a claimant—that in which Jim Sloan had blown out his brains the year of our Lord eighteen sixty-eight and of the post of Fort Russell the first.

When this decision was made known to Troopers Gray and Preuss, strikers-in-ordinary to the two young gentlemen in question, they promptly begged to be relieved from the personal service and extra pay that

were still at the Kansas posts occupied at the outbreak of the Sioux war. So for several days the officers were keeping bachelor's hall as they shook down into their new station. Billings, the adjutant, went to Kansas to bring up the band and regimental headquarters. Hull, the quartermaster, and Ramsay, the post commissary, set to work to get their offices and storerooms in order. Hull chose No. 8 as his abiding-place and set plasterers and kalsominers to work. Ramsay decided that he would take a room under the quartermaster's roof, as they were to mess together, but both of them shook hands on it that for the present, at least, they would sleep in the one house that hadn't a claimant—that in which Jim Sloan had blown out his brains the year of our Lord eighteen sixty-eight and of the post of Fort Russell the first.

"Had you heard—did your father tell you—anything of our experience the other night?" he asked.

She bowed her head, her fingers interlacing. "That has happened to others—to several. That is why no one will occupy No. 1," she murmured, low and hurried, with anxious glances back over her shoulder lest her mother should come again. "But—you saw—you saw nothing?"

"Nothing," said Hull stoutly. "What was there to see—a spectre with the top of his head blown off?"

"Don't laugh! That is just what some have seen—what I saw with my own eyes," and the girl gripped the door-knob tight and stood there visibly trembling.

"Well—I'm blessed!" said Hull. "Where was he? Where were you?"

"It was at the dormer window of No. 1. I had been over to the hospital quite late to take some jelly to Fallon, one of our old men. Coming back I heard the sentry gasp. I looked where he pointed and there was this—thing, beckoning—beckoning at that back window. The face was ghastly and all luminous. The head was bandaged. No! it was no hallucination. The sentry saw it, too, and he's in hospital yet, sick from the shock. Don't let—Mr. Ramsay see it—alone!"

And then Travis came bounding with the missing gloves, and Hull said good-night and left. It was now 12:30 and the moon was hidden. Ramsay was still up, reading, wide awake. "Bring that lamp and come upstairs," said Hull; so together they clambered. The back dormer window opened on the eaves. There was barely foot-room. Dust had settled on the sill and bore trace of neither hand nor foot. Moreover, the catch above the lower half of the window was firmly set. No ghost could budge it. There was a closet set in on the south side of the room back of the hallway. Some empty cracker-boxes, pickle-jars, and beer bottles were all that the lantern disclosed. Asking no questions, Ramsay followed Hull. Except for that dormer window the north side was solid. Hull swung his lantern along the wainscoting and the papered wall. Neither seam, break, nor crack was visible. The one thing peculiar was the breadth of the pine wainscoting. It was fully a foot and a half.

"Ramsay," said Hull, finally, "from what Miss Thornton and certain sentries say, that was an honest ghost we had the other night. They've seen him at this window."

"So have I," said Ramsay, unexpectedly, "and I'm laying for him now."

And then, all on a sudden, borne on the rising night-wind, there came from up the row, half muffled, yet piercing—startling—a most awful scream. Ramsay went down the stairs six at a clip; bounded out into the night and up the row to No. 5. Old Stannard, officer of the day, came hurrying from the opposite direction, stanch and truculent. Together they kicked in the front door. Mrs. Thornton was whimpering through the lower story, a candle in hand. Ramsay borrowed it and bolted up the stairway to the second floor. In the doorway lay the beautiful form of Jessica Thornton, still in her party dress and now in a deadly swoon. Her window, a dormer, too, like that of No. 1, stood wide open, and even as Ramsay bent and clasped her in his arms and bore her to the white bed half-way across the room, there went up a yell from back of the fence, the loud bang of a carbine, and then agonized cries for the corporal of the guard. Hull was first to reach the sentry—Preuss, livid, trembling and ghastly—leaning against the fence in semi-prostration. It was no time for the enforcement of the rules of guard and sentry duty. The post quartermaster had no right to question, but he took it.

"What on earth's the matter, Preuss?" he shouted, and Preuss, too scared to explain, could only point eastward down the row—the line of the back fence—and gasp "Spook!" Whatever it was, he, too, had seen it.

Not for an hour did the quick-gathering throng finally disperse. The major ordered a new sentry on No. 5, for Preuss was demoralized. The doctor had two or three more patients that night; but Jessica, rallying from her swoon and blushing deep at sight of Ramsay bending over her, vowed she needed no treatment. Setting her teeth, she told her story to Downer and the doctor. All was darkness in her room when she trotted upstairs and struck a match at the doorway. There, in the feeble glow, close to the window, one hand uplifted and pointing on high, the other at the bandaged head, with luminous flames playing about a ghastly face and open, gaping mouth, in a robe of white, somewhat soiled she noted even then, there stood glaring at her the spectre she had seen that night from beyond the back fence. The sight was too horrible for her nerves and down she went. Major Downer and her mother searched the upper rooms. Trinkets lay on the bureau-top and in the open trunk-trays, and not an item had been disturbed. If material, solid flesh, the ghost had probably slipped out of the open window the way he came and made his way along the kitchen roof. If ethereal and volatile, then his ghostship had flitted forth upon the empty air, retaining shape and semblance enough to scare the sentry out of his wits. Then the wraith had vanished.



IN AN INSTANT THE OTHER THREE HAD WHIRLED ABOUT

they had so gladly chosen in the past, and allowed to return to regular duty with their respective companies.

And so it happened that, three nights after this initial experience at No. 1, Trooper Preuss was a member of the guard duly mounted and sentry on the post numbered 5, directly in rear of the back yards of the eastward end of officers' row, between those quarters and the inclosure in which stood the house of the post surgeon, and in full view of the post hospital, one hundred yards out across the flat, open prairie. Preuss had begged the sergeant not to put him on the midnight relief and on No. 5, and the sergeant had scorned and scoffed at him.

There was a farewell dance at the assembly-room that evening, complimentary to the ladies of the old regiment still lingering at the post and about to move. Jessica Thornton, a radiant picture early in the evening at least, was there, and easily the belle of the ball; but she looked in vain at the doorway hour after hour—the unmollified Robert came not at all. "Is Mr. Ramsay ill?" she ventured to ask of Hull, and the answer came with hearty reassurance. "Bob? Bob Ramsay has never had a sick day in his life! He's busy, that's all—ghost-hunting."

Her face went white as the flanks of the peak, glistening there in the brilliant moonlight a hundred miles to the south. "Ghosts," she faltered. "You don't mean, Mr. Hull, he—you—have seen—that thing, too?"

"Why, Miss Thornton!" he cried, "we saw nothing. But you! What have you seen?" for, to the quartermaster's surprise, Jessica Thornton, who rode so daringly and so well, was trembling, actually trembling, from head to foot.

"Hush! I don't wish mamma to know—to hear," she murmured. "Yes, mother dear, whenever you say I'll be ready.—It's getting late, Mr. Hull, and," with lowered voice, "you are going to stay there at No. 1 tonight? You'll be with him. Think how awful if he had to meet—it—alone."

That was but a few minutes after midnight. Hull, overcome by curiosity, was mad to learn what it was Miss Thornton had seen that she should show such terror at the mere mention. To this end he begged the honor of escorting her home, but she had come with Travis, of the Infantry, and with him she would return. So Hull tendered his arm to Mrs. Thornton, a chatty, cheery matron who kept him listening instead of asking questions. The wind was blowing hard from the northwest and thick masses of flying scud came sailing out from the bold Black Hills, obscuring at intervals the brilliant stars and threatening speedily their total occultation. Not until they reached the gate of No. 5 had Hull another word with Jessica. There she showed generalship. "As I live I've dropped

So the Thorntons did not leave for Laramie, as had been planned. Mrs. Thornton it was whose nerves now gave way and sent her to bed.

Jessica's ghost became the topic of all tongues for an entire week, the terror of most of the women and children and not a few of the men until the dark of the moon, and then came the cock crow that laid him forever.

Hull was more than half a believer, for he had interviewed nearly a dozen old residents of Russell who swore they had seen and heard things about No. 1 that could only be accounted for as supernatural. But Ramsay from the start was fiercely sceptical. "Ghost be jiggered!" was his irreverent expletive. "I'll make a ghost of him if ever I catch him!" And to the misery of Jessica Thornton and the amazement of most of the garrison, he refused to move into his room at No. 8. "Nobody wants No. 1," said he, "so I'll keep it for the present."

Careful investigation had taught him two things: the ghost never had appeared of a moonlit night; it had never been seen by any sentry except No. 5. Ramsay's pet fox terrier, Whiffet, left at Fort Hayes during the campaign, arrived with the rejoicing families about this time, and Bob and Whiffet spent the nights at No. 1 alone. Remonstrance on the part of Ramsay's chums and entreaty on the part of Jessica proved powerless to move him. "He thinks more of that ghost than he does of me," said she, with a sigh, for reconciliation seemed still afar off.

"Never show a woman ye care the snap of a finger for her, and begad she'll come bleatin' to your boot-heels," is the dictum of Private Mulvaney. The girl who had sent Bob Ramsay to the campaign with a sore and wounded heart would now be giving worlds to soothe it all—and he would not see.

Friday night had come in, dark and gusty. The moon was not due to rise—a mere wanling segment—until nearly one. Mr. Ramsay had had a brief confab with the post surgeon and a whispered word with No. 5 sentry. The broken pane in the dormer had been repaired, and, rather against his will, Mr. Hull, regimental quartermaster, had come to sit an hour or two with Ramsay on promise of something worth seeing. At 11:30 Bob had removed his boots, seated himself near the hall door in front, enjoined silence, and waited. "Whatever you see or hear," said he, "don't speak, don't interfere. Meantime—just watch that door."

Watch they did, both of them, and just after the call for 11:30 went the rounds of the shouting sentries, Hull started as though stung, and the perspiration began rolling at the instant. Impelled by some unseen, unknown force, the hall door began slowly, stealthily to swing open. With kindling eyes and clinching fists, but noiseless as a cat, Ramsay started to his feet, then crept up the narrow stairway—and then came the deluge.

To the accompaniment of Whiffet's furious barkings

and scamperings, there rose the sound of intense action, of scurrying feet, of tremendous blows, of rending cotton, of panting breath, of mad, miserable pleading and entreaty. "Ach Gott!" "Ach Himmel!" Biff, bang! "Ach bitte, Herr Lieutenant!" Thump, thud, crash, bang, and Hull, lantern-bearing, jumping into the room, came upon Ramsay, a bounding bunch of muscle and sinew, chasing about the little box a human punching-bag in shreds of dirty white, landing on back and shoulder, wind and heart, nose and eyes and jaw, to the end that blood was flying like rain, and a wildly imploring bundle of rags went suddenly down on the wooden floor with a thump that shook the whole house, and then, stretching out, lay still and stunned and senseless, and Ramsay stood panting over it a moment until he could speak. "There's your ghost!" he finally gasped. "Better send for the doctor."

"It's that infernal fool Steiner," said the medicine man, who speedily appeared and heaved the culprit to his feet. "He's been hospital attendant a whole year and scaring our patients with his idiotic ghost stories till he's daft on the subject himself, I believe."

And so indeed it proved. Steiner had always been flighty and queer—had long known the story about the spook in No. 1, and finally had taken to playing ghost himself. Sheets, bandages, phosphorus, and his various "properties" he could take at any time from the hospital. He grew daring with success, and, from scaring sentries and servant maids, sought higher game. Not until long after was it known to the many that he had another object than that of making No. 1 untenable and so sacred to his own use. In this he had practically succeeded until he tried his spook shines on Downton and his military family, actually venturing among them as they slept. Then he ran foul of an unsympathetic medium in Ramsay.

Detection had not been such a feat. Ramsay told it in a very matter-of-fact way. Together he and Whiffet had explored the premises from top to bottom, and in the woodshed the terrier had struck a trail. His obvious excitement, his sniffing and leaping at the back of the one-story annex, and his wild barking and persistent gaping at the black, triangular void above the kitchen sent Ramsay clambering up by means of door, frame, lintel, and a transverse slot or two. He was surprised to find a board stretching along the joists beneath and parallel with the ridge piece. Following this board on hands and knees he came to another, and that led him to an open space close to the back wall of the house proper and to a discovery: a bundle of dirty white sheeting, some bandages, red painted in blotches, a little phial labelled and tightly corked, a tin box or two with hardtack and half an Edam cheese, three empty and two full bottles labelled beer, at all of which Whiffet yelped gleefully. One discovery led to another. A wooden button, turning on a screw,

released a neat panel about two feet six by one and a half that swung outward on leather hinges, revealing a little space between the frame uprights, and then two handles screwed to the broad boarding beyond. A tug at these latter and a section two feet thick in length and about one and a half in breadth came easily toward him and was easily slid to one side. Whiffet bounded through, and then, thrusting his head into the aperture, Mr. Bob Ramsay was in no wise surprised to find himself surveying from the level of the floor the second-story back room of No. 1. The removable panel of wainscoting began at the west wall where it joined the companion piece on that side. It had been carefully painted over, after being as carefully sawed some two feet out, and from the interior of the room, at least, defied detection. This, then, was the dressing-room of the ghostly visitor, and Ramsay felt sure he had only to wait and watch. Some night the cold current of air, sweeping down and slowly swinging the door with the loosened latch, would tell that the panels were open and the ghost getting ready to walk. Then, whoever he was, Bob meant to hammer him well for daring to terrify Jessica Thornton.

She blushed red when told that it was Steiner who had been posing as ghost. And then that voluble mother of hers let another cat out of the bag. Steiner, it seems, had been the worshipper from afar who had written Jessica many a lovelorn verse and at least one romantic, despairing letter in which he raved of noble birth, and baronial estates, and besought her to fly with him to the Rhineland. For these unsigned effusions, little Gretel, the hospital-steward's daughter, had been his messenger, and she did not fear to point him out. So Steiner languished in the guardhouse awaiting trial, and here endeth the ghost part of the story. The rest is soon told. Mamma Thornton got well. It was time to start for Laramie, and poor Jessica had grown tired waiting—waiting for Bob Ramsay to come to his senses and his knees, or hers, and say he was sorry for what she had said. Come he would not, however. He had been stung to the quick. He was heartless, obdurate, abominable, said she, for she knew he loved her and longed to hear him say so. The night came that was to be their last at Russell, but no Bob Ramsay, and then Jessica Thornton did a remarkable thing. Not until twenty years after, however, did any one but Billings, the adjutant, and Bob Ramsay know of it. Then it was told to Jessica Ramsay, ætæt 18, to help her out of a tangle of her own, and told by her mother—but that has nothing to do with the present story. When another November came, and with it the Fifth again back from the chase of Chief Joseph and his brave, devoted, but luckless band, the old ghost-haunted rookery of No. 1 was the blithest army home on the line, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Bob Ramsay were the occupants.

## The Beekeepers of Gotham

By LEON D. EVERETT



PREPARING TO CATCH THE QUEEN BEE

**F**AR ABOVE the din and strife of business, in the very heart of the downtown business section of New York City, bees buzz merrily as they fly in and out of their busy homes. On the roof of many a tall office building, janitors keep apiaries of from five to twenty hives beyond the view of rushing humanity on the streets below.

The city bee, however, has to hustle for a living, for it can not, like its country cousins, leave the hive and immediately strike a field of blooming clover or flowering buckwheat, but must stretch its wings and hie away to the blossoming shores of New Jersey, Staten Island, or Long Island.

In spite of these handicaps, the roof-top city bees manage to be a source of profit to their owners, and day by day return with rich stores of golden nectar, even though in some instances they have gone five miles from home in order to secure it.

Ranged in a row on the top of an office building in which bankers and brokers scheme, are five to twenty innocent-looking white boxes, or hives, in and out of which the little fellows go. Emerging from their

hives, they rise above the smoke and haze of chimneys, and when at the proper height away they go for distant harvest fields. The city bees never get lost, even though they may wander several miles from home; for every one of them is the possessor of compound eyes, which enable it to see great distances, and when returning home to fly in a line so straight that the "bee line" has become proverbial.

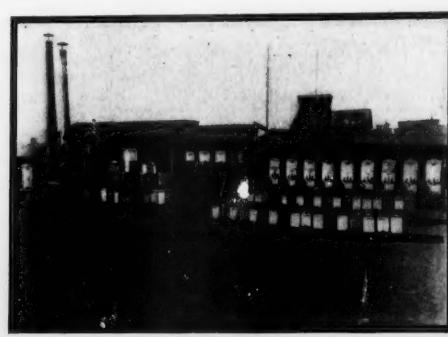
Each one of these hives or "colonies" is a teeming city in itself, having a population of about forty thousand inhabitants, ruled over by a queen, only one of which exists in a hive at a time, and whose word is law. There is no such thing as a king bee, about which the ancients ignorantly wrote, not knowing the sex of the large bee they saw in every colony. The general population of the hive is made up of imperfectly developed females, known as "worker bees," and these are the honey producers, who alone range the fields in quest of hidden sweets.

In the early spring, the queen, or "mother" bee, as she is often called, lays a number of unfertilized eggs, and, strange to say, they will hatch, and the bees that come from them are "drones" or male bees, whose sole purpose in life is propagation. The worker bees permit hundreds of these big lazy fellows to live in the hive during the swarming season of May and June, to ensure the fertilization of the young queens, but when that season is passed they wage relentless warfare upon them, driving them from the hive to perish with cold and hunger. The drone is not a producer of honey, but a heavy consumer, and the "workers" seem to realize it. It is amusing to see them hustle the big lazy fellows out of the hive and hold them while others chew their wings off, so that they can not fly back; when this is accomplished, they are dropped to the ground to die. These drones or male bees are very large and easily recognized,

being not unlike a big blow-fly, and, unlike the workers, they have no stings.

The average life of a worker bee during the working season is about five weeks, as she literally works herself to death laying up stores for bees yet unborn, and will die having consumed but a small part of what she made—illustrating perfectly the altruistic spirit. A bee will gather about a tablespoonful of honey in its lifetime, a strong colony bringing in often as much as fifteen pounds in a single day.

The bees that live over the winter are those that were hatched toward the last of the season, and they form the nucleus of the working force for the coming spring. The queen, however, lives for three or four years, as she does not work in the fields, and leaves the hive but twice in her lifetime—first, when she flies forth to meet her mate in the air, and again when she comes forth the following spring leading a "swarm." She is the only perfectly developed female in the colony, and upon her falls the task of keeping up the population of the hive to take the places of the bees that are constantly dying of old age; thus we find her busily engaged in going from cell to cell, depositing her eggs, laying as many as three thousand in twenty-four hours. She is greatly revered by her subjects, who supply her every need, even feeding her, and this watchful care on their part is not strange, for they seem to realize that should she die the population in a short time would become extinct. Therefore, she is most carefully guarded as she moves from cell to cell, being followed by a constant retinue of attendants. On very warm days they will form themselves in parallel lines, from where she is to the entrance to the hive, and, by rapidly fanning with their wings, will send a current



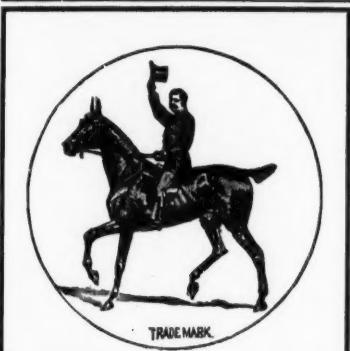
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of cool air to her in order that she may be comfortable; the writer has frequently seen them doing this. When as a virgin queen she sallies forth on her matrimonial flight, the whole colony are greatly agitated, and when she finally returns they set up a perfect bedlam of delight to know that some ravenous robin has not with one gobble deprived them of their sovereign mother. The writer has frequently opened a hive that had been made queenless; their mournful hum of grief is then unmistakable; and when a new queen is supplied them their joy is unbounded.

What is commonly known as "swarming" is simply an overflow of the old bees led by the old queen, and is not, as is popularly supposed, made up of the young and newly



Box in which the Queen Bee travels by mail

hatched bees. In the spring, the population of the hive rapidly multiplies, and the honey is brought in large quantities. The result is that the hive becomes crowded, and to relieve this congested condition the old queen, with about two-thirds of the old bees, saunters forth in quest of a new home. In a few minutes the air is full of thousands of bees, the humming of which can be heard a great distance. After flying for a few minutes, the bees finally settle on the branch of a tree and await the return of "scouts" that have been sent off to find some old tree in the woods in which to begin housekeeping anew. If the swarm is not soon hived, it will, upon the return of the scouts, abscond.

The foolish custom of ringing dinner-bells and tanging the pans has no part in causing the swarm to settle; they would settle anyhow. It is a relic of bygone days, and dates back to Alfred the Great, who issued an edict, that whenever a man's been swarmed he should ring a bell and notify his neighbors, and thus avoid unpleasant controversies as to ownership. Strange to say, the average person still rings the bell, thinking that it causes the bees to settle.

When swarming, bees can be freely handled without fear of being stung, for the reason that each bee is at that time gorged with honey for its flight, which has so distended the abdomen that it is a physical impossibility for the little fellow to sting if he wished to. Herein alone lies the secret of the bee-keepers immunity from being stung. Bees do not know their keeper any better than any one else. They do not sting him as much as they sting strangers simply because he understands their habits and avoids doing those things that give them offence.

### Building the Comb

The comb in a hive, in which the bees store their honey and pollen, and in which they rear their young, is made of beeswax, which the bees produce by filling their sacs with honey, then by hanging in clusters they generate a heat which converts the honey into little wax disks, with which they build their combs, consuming about ten pounds of honey to make one pound of wax. These little hexagonal cells are made with mathematical precision; in fact, by the closest scientific computation it is impossible to put any more of them into a given space than these little geometers of the fields have put.

As the average life of a worker bee is but five weeks, the question might be asked, "How, then, is the bee family propagated and continued?" It must be remembered that from early spring until late fall the queen mother is laying large numbers of eggs. The bees hatching, therefore, are constantly taking the places of those that die, and thus the population of the colony is kept up.

As the queen lays many eggs in early spring, the colony soon becomes strong, for the early fruit-tree blossoms, and what few bees died of old age during the winter are not missed. This process is repeated year after year, and thus the family is kept from extinction. Should the queen die during the season, the workers will very quickly replace her by hatching one from some of the most recently laid eggs, but most beekeepers become at once aware when a colony is queen-

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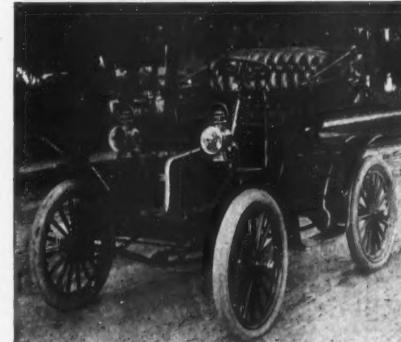
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less and give a new one to the bereaved community.

The queen deposits her eggs very carefully, one in a cell. These little white specks will fecundate and in twenty-one days produce a full-fledged worker bee. Three days after the egg is laid it hatches into a minute white larva, to which the bees supply food in abundance. For five days the larval stage continues, when the larva becomes a pupa, remaining such for thirteen days. Upon the twenty-first day from the laying of the egg, the fully developed bee emerges from its cell and is ready for its duties as a nurse.

The drone requires twenty-four days in which to hatch, while the queen takes but about fifteen and one-half.

Each hive has a perfect system of government, the population being divided into groups for various purposes. There are the field bees who bring the honey, the nurse bees to care for the developing brood, the ventilating bees to cool the hive, and the water-carriers who bring this very important element. The entrance of the hive is carefully guarded by sentinel bees, who are relieved at stated times and whose duty it is to notify the busy population of the presence of enemies.

With these marvellous facts before us, we can very readily see that beekeeping on the roof-top is a fascinating pursuit to those who know bees' habits. One gentleman with whom the writer is acquainted has an office on the top floor of a building within sight of the City Hall, and on the roof he has several colonies. With them he rears queens on quite a large scale, shipping them to various parts of the country. These queens are placed in a little wooden cage, as shown in the illustration, and, with about twenty-five attendants, are sent through the mails for two cents.

A trap is used to catch the queen if she should come out with a swarm without the owner's knowledge, and thus she is saved. Little spiral cages, hanging from the comb, contain queen cells. These must be protected in order to prevent the old queen from destroying them before they hatch. When hatched, the queens are removed from the cages and given to queenless colonies. Swarming is prevented by constantly giving the bees more hive room, by addition of a new hive body.

Roof-top beekeeping is not without its amusing features, as will be seen by the following: A friend of the writer had a number of colonies of bees on top of an office building on Cortlandt Street, and did quite a rushing business in queen raising, until the

unexpected happened, and for a time threatened him with a lawsuit. Just around the corner was a large candy factory, and on a certain day the workmen began to boil several barrels of sugar, the odor of which soon permeated the atmosphere for several squares. One of my friend's bees, passing by, caught a whiff of the steaming stuff and paused in his flight to investigate. After finding what he saw was a veritable Klondike, he was off to notify the others, and in a few minutes all of the colonies began a raid thereupon, long lines of bees stretching from their homes to the factory. Had the workmen paid no attention to them, the little fellows would simply have filled themselves and departed in peace, but the men began to strike at them with their stirring-lades, and then the fun began. Quicker than it takes to tell, the bees forgot the steaming sugar and turned upon their tormentors, and the frequent yells that were heard told how effectively they were hitting the mark. Finding that the invaders were receiving constant reinforcements, the workmen thought that discretion was the better part of valor; so, dropping their ladies, they sought places of safety, in which they were soon joined by the girls, who had been screaming and dodging, and whose now swollen faces told how they, too, had been worsted. The uproar became so great that the superintendent below sent the Irish office-boy upstairs to learn the cause of the hubbub. When he saw the situation, he came down the stairs two steps at a time, and, with his jaw swelled up as with the mumps, rushed excitedly into the superintendent's office and shouted: "Dere's a gang o' wasps has jumped de place, and the gals is having fainting fits, and the foreman's tire is punctured in two places." Rushing upstairs, the superintendent hurriedly entered the boiling-room, and had hardly given orders to close the windows before an angry bee made a lunge at him and landed squarely on the end of his nose, swelling it so badly that it made him look quite grotesque. The firm threatened to sue my friend, but better judgment prevailed, and it was found that all that was needed to prevent further raids was to buy a supply of wire screens and keep the rascals out. The bees, however, could not be blamed; they thought that boiling sugar just as legitimately theirs as the nectar in the fields that they roamed.

Nevertheless, in spite of these little accidents, many still keep bees on the roof-tops in the heart of the business section of the great metropolis, and find it a source of profit.

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"My improvement on Grape-Nuts food was so wonderful that I concluded to use your food drink Postum in place of tea and to make a long story short I have not been without Grape-Nuts and Postum since and my present health proves my doctor's wisdom in prescribing Grape-Nuts. I have got strong as a horse and well and I owe it all to your delicious food and Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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guarantees them in every part, because we make and fit together both cases and movements.

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54 South Street, Canton, Ohio.

She didn't even ask him to put them down for her. She was so glad to have them cleaned that she was willing to put them down with her own dainty hands.

When Mr. Pickett got back to his shop, he was excusably indignant at this outrage upon his manhood by a woman, and at first he thought of appealing to the police and



having his rights under the Constitution established, but on second thought he concluded that perhaps the wiser plan would be to conceal his shame. And this wiser plan was rigidly adhered to as far as Mr. Pickett had anything to do with it, but whoever heard of a woman keeping a secret?

### History Repeats Itself

THE entire civilized world has lately been apprised of the fact that one Harry Price, at Holyoke, Massachusetts, as an act of revenge freed nineteen monkeys restrained for exhibition purposes by Walter L. Main of circus fame. The insinuation of rivals that the press agent had a hand in the matter is not accepted with credence, nor is the charge emanating from the same source to be believed, that the animal-keeper rebelled on account of his distaste for chewing the monkey-bread for the simians. The local recorder is exceedingly graphic in his relation, and states: "Seeing the open door, the monkeys dashed into the big show tent, and leaped on the heads and shoulders of the spectators. Women screamed and fainted, and a general panic followed." While Mr. Price's revenge may have been venomous in the extreme, it lacks the element of originality. A yellow and time-stained clipping from the "Diamond Fields Advertiser," relates:

"Shortly after 11 o'clock last night a general stampede of all the animals comprising Fillis' Menagerie took place. This appalling occurrence is attributed to a miscreant, at present at large, who, possessed of a grudge against Mr. Fillis or members of his company, thought to pay it out by climbing on the fence of the inclosure in which the animals are kept, and, at imminent risk to his own life and limbs, releasing from their cages and chains the whole of the wild animals. This fiend in human shape is evidently one well acquainted with the show, for not only has he exhibited a familiarity



with the locks and bars of the cages, but he selected the day and hour when the super-vision of the animals was most relaxed. He appears to have made good his escape before the animals realized their freedom from restraint, and as the four employees, who slept on the premises, have all fallen victims to the ferocity of the wild beasts, it is impossible to say at present if his identity is known."

The further particulars are too dreadful for detail, and the escape of Mr. Main's monkeys pales into insignificance in comparison with the African slaughter. Manager Fillis certainly did not take advantage of his opportunity and advertisement, as no record is to be found of his tour of the world with the original animals that did the killing.

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(*"The Whisky of Distinction"*)

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"Here's to a quick run" (copyright, 1903, by Frederick Glassup) is an original drawing by Carlton L. Chapman, about 18x24 inches. It can be had on heavy plate paper, without advertisement, and sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver. Suitable for framing in club-house or home.

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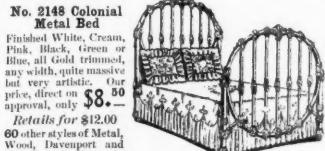
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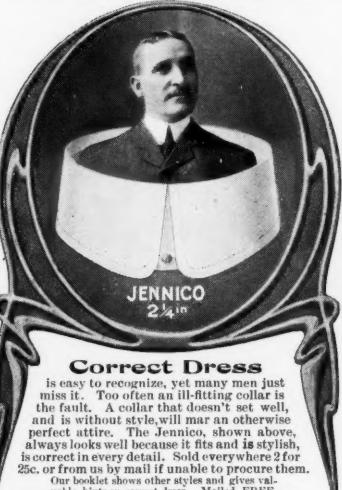
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**The Chinaman at Our Gates**

(Continued from Page 9)

The predecessor in the sheriff's office at Malone had put aside into the bank, as the result of his three years of patriotic office-holding, the sum of twenty thousand dollars. This was told me by one of his friends with pride not unmixed with envy.

The present sheriff will do better still.

He pointed out to me that most of his prisoners could read and write, and I noted with regret that the iron pens or cells in which they had to spend most of their time were so dark that reading was somewhat trying to the eyes. There were no outdoor recreation grounds, no place for a daily walk. Two of the big window-panes were broken and had been repaired by stuffing in old rags or newspapers. There was a bathtub, and it was well patronized by the yellow men.

The lavatory outfit was out of repair. Indeed, what the Chinamen did was well done, but what the prison authorities did was not. In Malone it was the white man who needed to stimulate his sense of cleanliness and order.

In the yard was a mass of refuse that never would have been allowed to accumulate in a decent family. The Chinese quarters were as clean as clean could be. The odors commenced only where the keepers and the white prisoners made things dirty.

The present mode of getting the Chinese into the jail sounds like something out of light opera. If Germany or France behaved in this manner, we would laugh ourselves free of dyspepsia over it. As it is done by our own shrewd politicians, we carefully say nothing about it.

To illustrate: When a train leaves Montreal for New York, an agent of the Government wires to the Malone sheriff the number of Chinese aboard.

Hereupon the American official hires teams of the local livery and drives to the Canada border line, ten miles away. He can not legally drive into British territory and arrest a Chinaman there.

The Canadian train obligingly slackens up

just before reaching the line, the Chinamen all right, the train then speeds on to New York, leaving the Celestials in the wilderness ten thousand miles from home, with nothing in sight save an American Black Maria.

But the Chinamen have all been carefully coached. They pick up their bamboo trunks and walk straight for their jailer, just as though he were their best friend.

This solemn farce repeats itself day in and day out. Uncle Sam has to pay for the teams that go the twenty or thirty miles to fetch the Chinaman from the Canada line. He has to pay the sheriff for his time. He has to pay special and heavy fees whenever the cells are opened or shut—each time that the Chinamen are brought up for examination. He has to pay for the extra guards required at the jail. He has to pay for the guards that must accompany those Chinamen who are turned back—who must be put aboard ship at San Francisco.

There is just now a special treaty made between Uncle Sam and Sir William Van Horne, who represents the Canadian Pacific Railway, on this subject. Under this the transportation companies have to take back the Chinamen who do not give satisfactory evidence of their right to enter the United States; but, bless your dear heart, this very treaty leaves an opening for endless legal fees, the bulk of which will have to be paid by the United States.

At present it is difficult to say what a Chinaman costs us. From the most careful investigation I could make at the chief port of entry, I should say that each Chinaman arriving here, whether he is turned back or not, costs the United States an average of one thousand dollars.

Some, to be sure, are turned back, but this happens merely through stupidity or accident. The turned-back Chinaman is pretty sure to get in at some other frontier. It is only a matter of a few dollars more or less.

While I was on the Canada frontier I went to see the new jail or detention house, built with space for sixty additional Chinese.

This assumes that the Government expects here a steady supply of one hundred, for the town jail can hold forty comfortably.

One more point.

Oddly enough, I could discover no ill-will toward the Chinese among the officials or residents in Malone. The householders like them, and would like to have more of them. My friends about the jail praised their general cleanliness, industry, docility. There are never any fights among them—no quarrelling; they give no trouble to any one; they do their own cooking. In short, where we see them close up in America, we find that they make the same impression that they do upon an unprejudiced traveller in the Far East.

Personally, I do not like the Chinaman. I think that narrow that I like only my own flesh and blood. I don't like the negro as a bedfellow, and the North American Indian has no romantic halo for me. I don't care to live among blacks, reds, browns, or yellows. The best is good enough for me, and consequently I am in favor of a white man's country.

Postscriptum.—We Yankees are sending hundreds of missionaries to China; we maintain them there at considerable expense. Most of them do less than nothing.

Here is the chance of their lives. Settle in Malone and teach these prisoners that Christ is love—that Americans are Christians—that we therefore love the Chinaman and want him to be like us!

So far, the Chinaman has seen of our Government nothing much save a repetition of mandarin corruption (squeeze pidjan).

Malone has seven grand churches and clergymen to match. I could not discover that any one of these churches took any interest in the Chinese at their gates, but each of them sends each year a contribution to maintain a Chinese mission—elsewhere!

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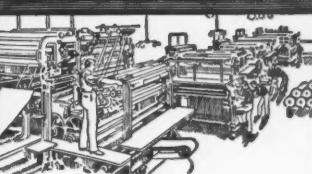
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